







SUMMER



NUMBER

**FRY'S**

Cocoas and  
Chocolates

mean  
renewed  
health  
and vigour.

BOND  
STREET  
→

EDITED  
For  
The  
CANTEENS  
COMMITTEE  
OFFICES



A. HEALEY HISLOP

# RUHLEBEN CAMP MAGAZINE

48  
PAGES



AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL

MOST of us find a difficulty nowadays in choosing subjects for our correspondence; the remorseless march of time finds us stranded for ideas, and a good deal of pencil chewing takes place before we reach the "Yours sincerely" point. The suggestions which we give to meet this difficulty should prove of public utility and can, of course, be adapted to suit individual cases.

*Postcard to wealthy aunt.* — Refer to favourite authors, taking care to mention Law's Serious Call, The Advancement of Learning, Huxley's Lectures, and other works of a similar character. Dwell upon inestimable benefits derived from regular life, non-alcoholic diet, fresh air, and well-regulated course of study. Conclude with judicious reference to tennis. — This formula has been known to produce a thirty-shilling racket and two dozen Slazengers.

*To sender of inappropriate parcel.* — Acknowledge receipt of parcel and take the occasion to point out that fishing rods and roller skates are little used in concentration camps; that the use of smoking caps is confined to persons of advanced age; and that a guide to the Alps may be considered to be premature. Refer to favourite brand of cigarettes and touch upon dietetic values of turtle soup and York ham. — If composed in suitable terms this letter may go as a business communication.

*To fiancée, who has just married someone else.* A tone of dignified restraint should characterise this epistle (which the Censor will probably pass as an 'extra'). Refer to letter from fiancée and say that you have duly noted contents; touch lightly upon the painful uncertainty of matrimonial happiness, and hint that the lady's action has but anticipated your own. Add that she may make what use she likes of the photographic group which you have just sent her.

*To tailor, who has mentioned bill* — Tell him to come and collect it.

NOUS sommes tout à fait ignorant de la langue française mais tout le monde l'écrit et nous ne voyons pas pourquoi nous ne ferions pas la même chose aussi. Tout le monde le fait maintenant! (phrase de rag-time). A commencer avec, nous donnons la main heureuse à "La Vie Française"; elle est quelque journal! L'éditeur doit être très heureux à trouver si beaucoup de gens qui écrivent en français. Nous, au contraire, avons cherché tout le Lager pour trouver quelqu'un ou autre pour nous assister avec ce paragraphe, mais pas de succès! rien faisant! (anglicisme). Nous sommes obligés de faire notre morceau sans aucun secours. C'est un long long chemin à Tippéraiie, mais nous espérons que nous arriverons là un de ces jours! pas demi! Et maintenant il faut que nous arrêtions (notez bien l'emploi du subjonctif) parce que la cloche est allée, et notre capitaine nous donnera une oreille épaisse si nous sommes feu! Chers lecteurs, si long!

COLLECTORS of Camp curios, mementos and other remarkable objects will be interested in the following quotations, which are the latest available. — The millionth pair of socks to reach the Camp (unused, 10pf. per pair); blade of grass from Promenade, early days (5 marks); letter of thanks from grateful Barrack to their much loved Captain (very rare; bought for Pierpont Morgan collection); original verses written in Camp (no reasonable offer refused); Bons Mots, or Tales from Hoffmann (purchased by Y.M.C.A.); Secret History of the Ruhleben Police Force (5000 marks.)





# Nautical Notes.



AS far as the Nautical Circle and Marine Engineers' Circles are concerned it does not appear as if there were a great deal to report. The latter has been in a state of suspended animation throughout the summer as far as regards public meetings, and the Nautical Circle followed suit at the beginning of July.

In the Nautical Department of the Camp School a great deal of good work seems to have been done during the last term. Actual numbers of students, attendances etc., seem difficult to obtain, for each student seems to be spread out over many classes; but there is not the slightest doubt that the students have worked more seriously this last term than ever they did before.

A word of praise is due to the teachers, they have worked with great zeal and patience, but they do not like getting praised. They would probably prefer to be criticized and have a fair chance of retorting.

## **"FACTS AND FIGURES."**

WE are pleased to see that many members of the cloth have appreciated our endeavours to interest them, through the medium of Nautical Notes. We have heard expressions of approval on all sides, and we may truthfully say the sales of the Magazine among seafarers have increased.

Since our last edition our numbers in the Camp have been increased by the addition of several crews. As they have been in England since we have, we thought it our duty to see if they had anything new to tell us.

In an interview with one of the officers from among the late arrivals in reply to question "What do you think of *Ruhleben*?" he replied, "I have only started to think about it at all, as the only time I ever thought about it, before being brought here, was in relation to a gentleman of the turf, who is interned here. In the old days I used to "invest" an occasional shilling on a horse, and like many more punters I always "followed" a favourite rider. I was very sorry to



read in a newspaper one day that my "favourite rider" had been interned in Ruhleben. This set me inquiring where Ruhleben was. Some time after, I noticed it was the custom of the barmaids in various houses of refreshment that I visited, to have glass jars on the counters labelled "Cigarettes for London Scottish", "Cigarettes for Ruhleben", etc. Then the thought came to my mind "Poor Mr. . . . without a cigarette!" Needless to say, I bought a whole packet of Gold Flakes and emptied them into the jar . . . When I arrived here I found my "favourite rider" smoking a cigar!

I heard another good little joke, which I think is original continued Mr. —. I came ashore early on the morning succeeding the passing of the "Early Closing Bill", and was passing a public-house called the "Rising Sun". For years this house had opened at 5.5 a.m. to dispense rum and coffee. Two old dock labourers on their road to work who had patronised the "Sun" for years, looked ruefully first at the closed shutters and then at each other, the elder of the two remarking "Well, Bill, those young fellows at the front cannot say now, we are not sacrificing something and doing our bit!" As regards the seafaring life, Mr. — informs us that "times" are a great deal easier now in home ports; working at night is not encouraged and generally speaking the stay of a vessel in home ports is much longer than formerly, which is a source of satisfaction to the seafarer in general. The tramp-steamers appear to be the only ones who have been able to insist that the officers and engineers wages be put on the articles.

The weekly boat still suffers under the owners' compromise of the old wages and so much bonus.

The sailors' and firemens' wages always appear on the articles. They seem to average £ 9 per month. The average officer and engineer's wages seem to be: Chief engineers £ 23, Chief mates £ 18 to £ 20., 2nd. Engineers £ 16., 2nd. Mates £ 13. 14. 3rd. Engineers £ 13 4th. Engineers £ 10. The masters in most cases seem to be much the same as formerly in regard to wages, with the addition of a pre-arranged bonus. Mr. — emphasised the necessity of young deck officers studying signalling, as it is in great demand.

In conclusion Mr. — wished to thank all members of the seafaring fraternity interned here for the kindness shown to him and his shipmates since their arrival.

NAUTICUS.

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"The rank is but the guinea stamp  
Aman's a man for a'that. —"

BURNS.



OUR LIBRARIAN.  
Mr. J. H. PLATFORD.



# OUR GRAND ALMOST NEW SERIAL!

## NEW READERS BEGIN NOW!

THROBBINGLY PULSATING AND REALISTIC ROMANCE  
OF THE VERY HIGHEST SOCIETY!

**"LINE UP!"**

OR

**"LIFE IN A LAGER!!!"**

CHAPTER III.

*HECTOR AT HOME.*

In a sumptuously fitted box in Ruhleben's most modish Barrack sat Hector Marjoribanks, moodily toying with a Skipper sardine. Though it was eight o'clock his breakfast lay untouched before him, and the blutwurst tempted his capricious appetite in vain. Truth to tell, the strain of living in Ruhleben's swiftest set (the "Grape Nuts") was beginning to tell even on Hector's Herculean physique. Ill luck had of late dogged his steps; the night before he had staggered from the Spandau domino tables a cool seventy-five pfennigs to the bad!



*"Toyed with a Skipper Sardine."*

The door slid open and Styph, his man-servant, calm, impassive and correct as ever, stood before him awaiting instructions.

Hector looked up. "What is the time?" he asked.

The valet glanced at the dainty timepiece which hung from the wall. It was an exquisite example of the famous house of Ingersoll, and jewelled in no less than two holes, the gift of a world famous titled beauty whose hopeless passion for Hector had been the talk of Europe, — until November 1914!

"Just on eight twenty-five, sir", replied Styph. Then after a pause he added, "but you are not looking very well,



sir." As he spoke he cast his eyes meaningly towards the empty malzbier bottle which stood on the table.

"I am quite well", replied Hector, though his pallid features belied the affected cheerfulness of his words. "What is there in the Daily Daily?"

"I don't know, sir", replied Styph; "I always read the "Voss" myself;

it's easier. But you look tired, sir; fed up, if I may say so."

"I am worried, I confess."

"You want brightening up, sir, you do indeed", insisted the anxious retainer.

"Perhaps you are right", replied the young patrician. "But what can one do here? What is on today? Anything amusing?"

Styph consulted a 'What's On' which hung from the richly tapestried wall.

"Let me see", he said, "there's Mr. Bhogie's service at eleven."

"Where is that? In the Y.M.C.A. Hall?"

"No, sir, Court four, opposite the railings."

Hector shook his head.

"Perhaps you might like to hear Mr. Alph Fred, the Great Lecturer; he is giving a monologue called 'Textiles, or Mouchoirs for Moochers'."

"Hardly my line."

"Perhaps you would prefer a little sport, sir? There's a meet of the rat hounds at ten thirty. They have got a fresh bit of string for the dog, and they are going to draw the kitchen coverts."

Hector sighed wearily and made a gesture of dissent. His fingers played idly with the ring which graced his tapered hand. It bore the word 'MIZPAH', and was a rare bit of Abyssinian workmanship.

In silence the well trained valet removed the costly enamelled ware from the table; deftly detaching a moth from the margarine and carefully replacing the precious ointment in the manger, he left the box.

But Hector was not left long with his moody thoughts. A sharp rap on the door was followed by the entrance of a C.M.S. man, who placed a delicately perfumed and crested envelope before the young man.



"Sender would be obliged by an immediate reply, sir", he said, with a meaning smile.

Carelessly breaking the seal, Hector read the hastily written letter. It bore signs of strong emotion and ran as follows:—

Dear Hec.

This comes hopping you are well as it leaves me at present. Beware! Snooke has sworn revenge! *I must see you at once!* Meet me under the clock at a quarter to seven; I shall be carrying a string bag and a bunch of forget-me-nots. Don't fail, Your loving Anjie.

Hastily thrusting Angelica's letter into his pocket, Hector strode from the box and made his way to the Barrack door. Here he paused to place in his buttonhole a priceless orchid from the Barrack garden. Then he made his way to the Reference Library, a look of stern resolve on his handsome features.

#### CHAPTER IV. *THE PROMENADE.*

The world contains no vista more noble and majestic than that which a view of the Ruhleben Promenade offers to the observer's gaze. Travellers who know only the Nevsky Prospekt, the Champs Elysées and the High Street, Kensington can have but a faint conception of the animated and picturesque scene which is revealed by the massive tiers of concrete, the noble sweep of gravel, and the delicate but boldly conceived tracery of wire which form the outstanding features of this cosmopolitan causeway.

Rare as are the natural beauties of this favoured spot it is the human element which gives the distinctive note that forms its most moving appeal to the ravished onlooker's senses. Indeed, the motley crowd which throngs this Ruhleben pleasure-ground is bewilderingly diverse in dress, in speech, and in character. For it is here that the erudite phraseology of the Rhodes Scholar may be heard mingling with the homely patois of Wapping; the faultlessly groomed product of Hope Brothers lounges with his less fortunate compatriot garbed in relief pattern shirt wear; the student of Berlitz and Colenso is seen in friendly converse with the casual stiff. Fearless athletes, with chests bared to the breeze; musicians and actors of almost international fame; burly mariners from the Dogger Bank; diminutive jockeys, tramps, nature men, vegetarians and assorted cranks, — all these and many others combine to render the Promenade a scene of picturesque and diversified confusion, a perfect riot of colour, a kaleidoscope of European curiosities.

[above descriptive matter may be used by Y.M.C.A. speakers free of charge]

It was on a cloudless July morning that Snookey Ook looked furtively upon this scene from the secret cubby hole, which he had obtained for the purpose of studying irregular verbs. He was too agitated to enjoy the superb view; even the haunting refrain of that delicious morceau "Edison, where art thou?" which was wafted from the half open doors of the theatre fell on unheeding ears. In his hand he clutched a forged parcel slip, bearing the hated name of Hector Marjoribanks!

Watching his opportunity Snookey emerged from his lair, and rapidly turned the corner of the Parcels Office. His heart beat fast as he drew near the queue of waiting men, and took his place in the fateful line marked L-Z.

Approaching the official who stood near, Snookey handed him the slip and waited his turn in feverish anxiety. His Machiavellian designs were now approaching their climax; the train was laid, the die was cast; the fruit was ready for the gathering. Nothing now remained but to secure the coveted parcel and to place in it the poison which was to remove his hated rival from his path for ever! For Snookey Ook loved Angelica Whatnot with an all-devouring and consuming love! His passion was one that would defy the descriptive powers of Elinor Glyn's typewriter, or Charles Garvice's fountain pen, and is far beyond the meagre capacity of a Nr. 2 lead pencil. It was for her sweet sake that he had beggared himself by buying a photograph frame at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition; even the corsetières advertisements in the 'B.Z. am Mittag' appeared insipid and lifeless when he thought of Angelica Whatnot!

But we must resume. Our story deals with stern facts!

Grasping the coveted package in trembling hands Snookey rapidly cut the string. The parcel contained a bottle of brilliantine! With a mocking laugh Snookey poured the contents upon his already glossy locks, and surveyed the result in a small mirror which he carried in his top left-hand waist-coat pocket.

"I outshine Sturgeon himself!" he chuckled triumphantly.

To substitute a phial of dandelion poison which Maisie Moabit had obtained from the too-confiding Doctor Stephson was the work of an instant. Then Snookey made his way to Hector Marjoribank's Barrack.



"With a mocking laugh, Snookey poured the contents upon his already glossy locks."



But Nemesis was on the miscreant's heels and speedy retribution was to foil Snookey's devilish plan! Plunged in pleasurable anticipation of his rival's death Snookey failed to observe the exited crowd which thronged Trafalgar Square, or to hear the loud shout of warning. The laundry cart was approaching him at a gallop, but the doomed wretch was oblivious of its lightning approach!

A loud cry of 'Vorsicht' in a frightened female voice, a sickening thud, and Snookey's writhing form lay beneath the heavily loaded vehicle!

A hush fell upon the awe-struck crowd. For a few tense moments nobody stirred. Then a young athletic figure sprang forward. It was none other than Mawsby Blue, the celebrated White! Deftly seizing the unconscious though still breathing Snookey by the middle, he bore him in silence to the Schonungs Barracke!

## CHAPTER V.

### *RUHLEBEN AT NIGHT.*

A watery moon looked down upon the Lager from a murky storm-driven sky. Silence brooded over the Lager, and the vast compound lay in slumber. Not a sound broke the stillness of the June night, save the measured tread of Spott, the Demon Kopper, keeping his ceaseless vigil. Over the ruins of the Summer House, now fallen to premature decay, reigned a profound melancholy. That erstwhile resort of wealth and rank was now abandoned to the humble daisy, and the deck-chair of the stranger desecrated the spot hallowed by the memory of bridge, gossip, and himbeer.

True it is that here and there might be discerned the figure of some nocturnal Rambler lost in profound contemplation, or seeking in the silence of the night inspiration for a lecture.

In the shadow cast by H.M.S. Lion lurked the bent figure of Snookey Ook. Snatched from the jaws of death by the motherly care of Slammberth and the timely administration of compound rhubarb, Snookey once more burdened the earth with his hateful presence...

A low whistle caught Snookey's straining ears!

"At last!" he murmured.

A figure approached; it was that of a woman!

Snookey's emotion was intense; he quivered in every limb! The figure drew near and was just about to pass him, when he sprang from his place of concealment and grasped the shrinking girl by the arm.

"Angie!" he cried in ringing tones of triumph, "you must and shall be mine! Speak! Say the word! I will write a



"Angie!" he cried.

special letter to the Rev. Billiams and he shall marry us sofort! Ha, ha!... You shrink from me? You shake your head! Then I give you ten seconds to think it over!"

"And what then?" replied the woman in a whisper.

"Then you'll be huffed for not taking me!"

The seconds passed quickly and Snookey was about to grasp the svelte form in his arms when a swinging blow on the solar plexus sent him staggering, sick and giddy, against the starboard wheel. At the same moment Maisie Moabit, — for it

was no other — tore away the veil which had hidden her features, and stood before the crestfallen Snookey in an attitude expressive of contempt, hatred and disgust!

Snookey's collapse was complete.

"Foiled!" he hissed, "and for the third time today! This is too much!"

"So, Snookey", exclaimed the haughty beauty, "you prefer that putty-faced Angelica to me! Ha ha! Fool! Why, I would sooner walk out with Pat Kailbed if I were a man!"

Snookey's fury was terrible to witness, but Maisie knew no pity.

"Forgive me", he murmured; "it was only a passing fancy, — an innocent flirtation!"

"Flirtation? At this hour? Quatch! tell that to the marines!"

An embarrassing silence followed.

"All is over between us!" said Maisie at length. "Where is that fancy waistcoat I knitted you?"

"I sold it to Caughtemraw Showhard for two marks fifty!"

"Beast!"

Snookey sought vainly for an answer to his terrible inquisitor, but he was a member of the R.L. and D.S. and could not speak without notes. His downfall was complete!

(Time! — Ed.)

Maisie turned to go. "You will hear from my legal advisers", she said coldly, "Messrs. Winkelshiner Bunn and Stitchard will attend to *you*!"

But her scornful words fell upon unheeding ears.

Snookey Ook lay senseless in the dustbin!

THE END.

(By request).





SECOND GRANDSTAND.



THIRD GRANDSTAND.

RUHLEBEN BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISCH.





QMAN

RUHLEBEN ADAPTED FOR HOMESICK LONDONERS. WHAT MIGHT BE DONE!



# LINES TO A FAVOURITE PIPE.

## I.

Companion of my darkest hours,  
Philosopher and friend,  
Whose long endurance suffers all,  
Whose patience knows no end, —  
Accept the tribute of these lines  
To do you honour penned.

## II.

Your rounded girth such solace holds,  
Your slender stem such grace,  
No charm of female beauty can  
Your gentle sway displace;  
No siren tones, however sweet,  
Your silent charm efface.

## III.

No rival need you fear, my soul's  
Devotion shall not flag;  
Your altar I will keep supplied  
With honeydew and shag;  
Nor will I faithless leave you for  
The unsubstantial fag.

## IV.

The winds may howl, what matters that?  
The coldest gusts that blow  
Do but enhance your cheerfulness,  
And fan the ruddy glow  
That cheers my path, and bids me hope,  
When hope is sinking low.

## V.

No stranger's hand shall scar your form  
With mercenary steel,  
Nor shall the callous craftsman's blade  
Past memories reveal;  
The record of our friendship needs  
No artificial seal.

## VI.

With you beside me I forget  
The heavy handed stroke  
That fate capricious lays on me, —  
The thralldom and the yoke.  
Life's lesson trite, yet hard, you teach  
That all must end... in smoke!

B. A. H.

## A DAY AT RUHLEBEN AS DEPICTED BY THE DAILY MIRROR



A LETTER FROM HOME!



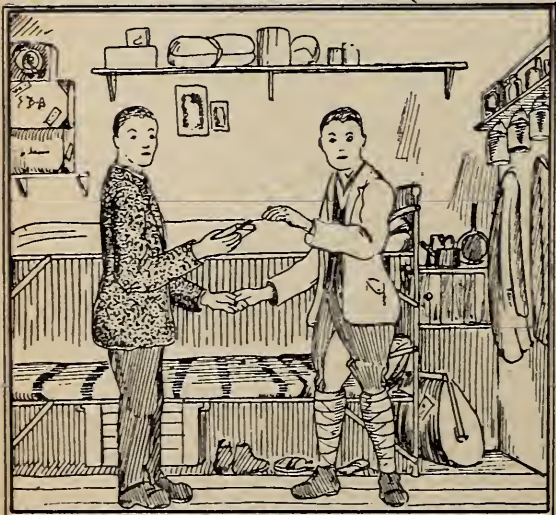
SOMEBODY'S DARLING. WHO OWNS THIS PHOTO?



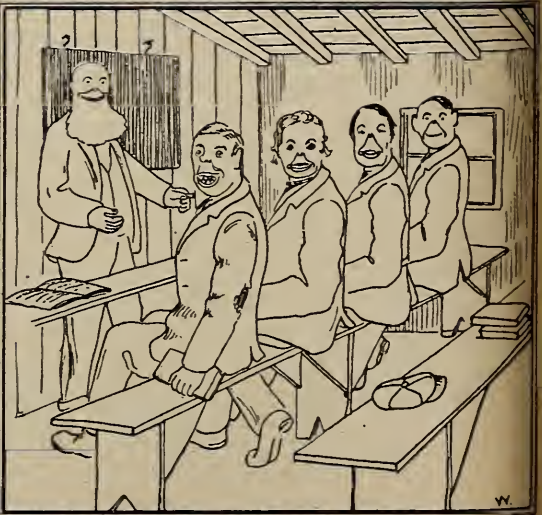
NO PARCEL TODAY!



MR BLANK OF BARRACK 61 WHO HAS A COUSIN AT THE FRONT

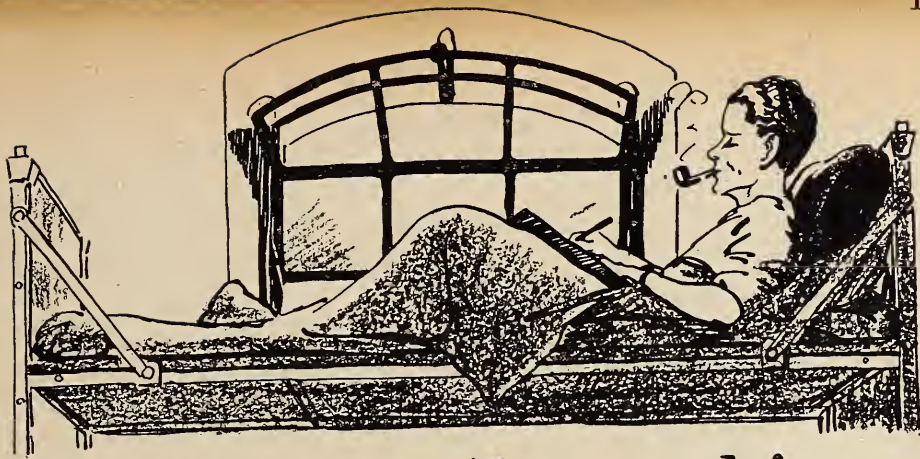


COMRADES TRUE - HIS LAST FAG!



SNAPPED IN THE CAMP SCHOOL





## Phoebe & the Brussels' man

"PHOEBE", I asked, "what is the proper definition of the word 'Ruhlebenite?'"

She looked at me for a moment in silence, as I lay back comfortably on my bed, then:

"I should say, a person, who is very lazy", she began.

"Nonsense! Every one is lazy by nature; besides — lots of people here work terrifically hard."

"Proving how lazy they are by nature, I suppose. Then, let me see", she glanced at that delicate portion of my anatomy where shirt meets trousers, "they're horribly flabby", she continued.

"Nothing of the kind!", I retorted, taking in a hole of my belt nonchalantly. "I've got a thick shirt on to-day."

"I was talking quite impersonally, but if the cap fits —." She smiled maliciously.

"In that case I'll loosen my belt again", I said firmly, and did so, scoring distinctly (in my opinion). "And I wish you would not try to make me ruin my digestion by tight-lacing."

"From the harrowing tales I've heard you tell, I should have thought you hadn't much left worth ruining!"

"I have my future to consider, Phoebe."

"I'm sorry", she said after a pause, "it's too deep for me. Suppose you get up and come out into the fresh air, and see if you can't brighten up your wits a bit, instead of lying on your bed all day."

"I am not lying on my bed, I am reposing", I corrected her with that simple dignity, which so becomes me. "And what on earth is the use of a bed, if one does not use it, anyway? At home beds are mis-used all day long; here, at length, we have discovered their proper use. It is an old and outworn tradition that beds were meant for sleep. Beds are for the purpose of entertaining, writing letters, darning socks, storing

suit cases. I shall certainly have a bed in my office, Phoebe, when I get out of here."

"I dare say you will, and use it in the good old-fashioned way, you pretend to jeer at, too. Are you coming or aren't you?"

"I suppose so."

Climbing down from my airy perch, I put on a mackintosh, and together we strolled out into the clear summer rain. Almost immediately we were hailed by a sailorman, who began to ply us with simple questions concerning the administration of the Camp.

"Look here", I said, "I can see you're a newcomer, because no seasoned Ruhlebenite would dream of taking any interest in the way this Camp is run; so I'll give you a little piece of advice. Never ask any ordinary mortal questions about the Camp; you'll never get a satisfactory answer. Either the person won't know, like myself, or else he won't tell you on principle. That's to say, he will have no principles worth speaking about, but he will be working on half a dozen schemes for upsetting some committee or committee member by characteristic Ruhleben methods."

"And what are Ruhleben methods?"

"Methods that would be tolerated nowhere else, I hope. Ugh! Let's talk about something more pleasant."

"But", said the sailorman, hopelessly at sea, as only a sailor can be, "but why doesn't someone stop them?"

I sighed. "All right, if you will have the whole wretched story, come along to the front and I'll tell you." I led him towards the promenade, for the rain had stopped in the meantime — this is a fact. "You see," I began.

"Don't listen to him", interrupted Phoebe, he's only going to say something silly. "It was this way...."

But the sailorman was listening to neither of us. His face was lit up with extraordinary brilliancy.

"Dear me!" or something similar — he exclaimed. "What an idea! Who'd have thought it! Girls in the Camp!"

"Girls! Where?" I asked excitedly. "Phoebe's the only female in the Camp as far as I know; except for the old women, of course, but you find them everywhere."

"Right in front of you, man; there!" and he pointed to three wonderful young gentlemen who were walking away from us, the left hand one having his arm round the waist of his companion in the middle, while the one to the right clung affectionately to one arm. "That's a girl there in the centre all right. You don't get fellows cuddling each other like that. Neat trick disguising her as a boy, very."



"How can you be so absurd?" demanded Phoebe, naturally upset at the idea of such things belonging to her sex. "They're tired, that's all, and are holding each other up. They probably played tennis to-day."

"Wrong as usual, Phoebe", I said. "They're practising effeminacy, so that when we get home their friends shall not be able to say, the war did not mould their characters."

But the sailorman was not listening. He was puzzling as to why the promenade should be cut in half by a wire fence.

T. G.



"The Colonel"

Gerald Tordy  
Illustration July 1916



**M**R. Cohn's remarks concerning our coloured compatriots appear to have caused a little resentment. It is only natural, however, that the children of Israel should not find favour with the descendants of Ham.

A large number of very promising rumours have lately come to an untimely end. It is to be hoped that Mr. Adler and his troupe will not add to our grief by giving another Requiem.

It is a mistake to speak of the Summer House as having been closed. That institution was never more open than at present.

The number of different cliques in Ruhleben now amounts to 2,500 but perfect harmony will not be established, we fear, until the figure 3,700 is reached.

The programme of the first Promenade Concert which was chosen by popular vote did not include the name of a single English composer. We are all British, of course, in Ruhleben, but at any rate we cannot be accused of being insular.

The tumuli which have made their appearance at the further end of the field are not intended to afford Ruhlebenites an anticipatory glimpse of Swiss scenery. They are merely golf bunkers.

For this reason curio collectors are requested not to carry away these indispensable adjuncts to the game.

We hear that Mr. Conn's orchestra is busy rehearsing a suitable accompaniment for Mr. Barrett's cornet.

Relief fund agitators may now set their minds at rest. There is no Urry.



The Ruhleben Literary and Debating Society is taking a holiday. This will give us all a rest.

\* \* \*

A leader of Camp thought has lately read a French drama to a select audience in order to accustom students with modern French. We are by this time all accustomed to Ruhleben English.

\* \* \*

One of the peculiarities of Ruhleben society is that no matter what social distinction one may enjoy nobody would mind being an "outsider."



WHAT THE RUMOUR DID

## OUR CELEBRITIES.



Professor Phlord.

WE have much pleasure in presenting an eagerly expectant public with some intimate details concerning Mr. Phlord, the celebrated savant and littérateur. One can never have too much of this sort of thing concerning the lives of the truly great.

Mr. Phlord, a man of shrinking and retired disposition, was born in 1884, about thirty five years and six months after his father. At an early age he displayed an astonishing precocity in letters; his progress through the English alphabet reaching a dazzling climax with the letter Z. This auspicious event was celebrated with with a handsome gift-book (in colours), and cake for tea. From the infants' school the juvenile Phlord proceeded to Stuphem College, and his scholastic attainments soon became the talk of that renowned repository of learning. Before the young scholar's attacks Julius Caesar surrendered (three books at a time), Hamblyn Smith yielded his profoundest arithmetical secrets, and the sinister aspect  $x + y = 0$  was revealed in all its naked simplicity.

We now approach the crisis in our subject's life-history. Happening to pick up 'Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare' Mr. Phlord was forcibly impressed by the imperfections of that meretricious though much read work, and he determined to put Shakespeare right before the world. From that day to this Professor Phlord's career as a lecturer on 'Shakespeare' has known no interruption, while he has found time to shed



light on the minor luminaries of our English literary body. An expert calculates that Professor Phlord has delivered 3,587 lectures on Shakespeare and Milton; at the date of going to press he shows no sign of slackening. But these facts are known to the world. It is upon the delightful home life of Prof. Phlord that we now propose to dwell. (*Not here.*— Ed.)



## Our Musical Notes

THE arrangements for the forthcoming season are already well in hand. The regular Sunday Concerts, given under the auspices of the Ruhleben Musical Society, will be resumed on September 17th. when Mr. Adler will present a programme of operatic selection for choir and orchestra. Such well-known numbers as the Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin" and the Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust" will be included, while the "Gefangenen Chor" from Beethoven's "Fidelio" should be particularly moving in its appeal on this occasion. Orchestra concerts will be given on every third Sunday, the intervening Sundays being devoted to chamber and vocal and instrumental recitals. The first three Symphony Concerts will be conducted by Messrs. Bainton, Weber and Macmillan, among the works promised being Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto (with Mr. Lindsay as soloist), and Mozart's Symphony in E. flat. Other prospective events include a recital by Messrs. Keel and Lindsay, a chamber concert, arranged by Mr. Short, at which Ed. Schütt's Suite for Violin and Pianoforte and some Two-pianoforte music will be brought forward.

In addition to the Sunday concerts, the Arts and Science Union, pursuing a policy similar to that of the season just closed, will devote certain of its Monday evenings to musical subjects.

The present arrangements include two lectures by Mr. Short on the Development of Chamber Music, with musical illustrations on each occasion, while Mr. Leigh Henry, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Weber are respectively undertaking similar evenings on works of Debussy, Macdowell and Verdi.

Certainly, everything points to a season of considerable interest, to which we may look forward with pleasurable anticipation — at the same time always hoping that *something* may occur which will nip it in the bud! B. J. D.

## OUR CINEMA.

(The courtesy of the Cinema Theatre management enables us to put before our readers outline plots of two forthcoming films.)

### I.

## THE BUNGVILLE LIMITED.

(A stirring romance of railroad life in the Wild West.)

*Properties.* — Freight train, with moveable landscape. The Bungville Limited, first class only. The Dead Dog Canon Depôt, with Morse code machines, &c., complete.

*Plot.* — Myrtle Grove, the beautiful telegraphist in charge of Dead Dog Depôt is loved by Reuben Slugg, driver of the local freight train; he is a model son, and wears a boiler suit. Roneo Slick, the Bungville Limited driver, also loves Myrtle, but she has no use for him, and he quits with threats and an oil can. Comic business with Flat-faced Fred, a tramp, after which the local freight arrives. Reuben tells Myrtle that he has paid the first instalment on the gramophone, and asks her to fix the happy day. This conversation is overheard by Sing-Sing Sam, an escaped convict, who communicates same to Roneo. The latter loses no time. He puts poison in Reuben's billycan, greases the rails and unhooks the train, and says, "Ha ha!" Departure of the unsuspecting Reuben. It is now midnight. The escaped convict who, before his fall, was an archdeacon, now has twinges of conscience, and reveals plot to Myrtle; she swoons. When she recovers it is broad daylight, and the freight train is three quarters of a mile away. Myrtle mounts a horse, which is standing conveniently by the round-house, and by leaping two waterfalls and a precipice, succeeds in overtaking the freight train. She mounts the train, runs along top of cars to engine, and finds her lover curled up in a state resembling that of advanced intoxication. He is not really drunk, but has a dreadful stomach-ache, (*see above*). Myrtle takes charge and drives train. The Bungville Limited is waiting at the top of the canon for the freight train to pass. It does so, but the escaped convict (who has had another lapse) releases the switch, and the missing cars crash into the Bungville Limited. Total destruction of latter and death agonies of Slick, who confesses all. The escaped convict finally turns over a new leaf, and Myrtle and Hiram, attended by Flat-faced Fred, are united in wedlock.



## II.

## VIYELLA, OR THE FATAL FLAPPER!

*Properties.*— A night club in going order; millionaire's country seat; assorted flunkeys; motor car with practicable doors R and L; a safe; a blotting pad; half a dozen undertaker's assistants.

## ACT I.

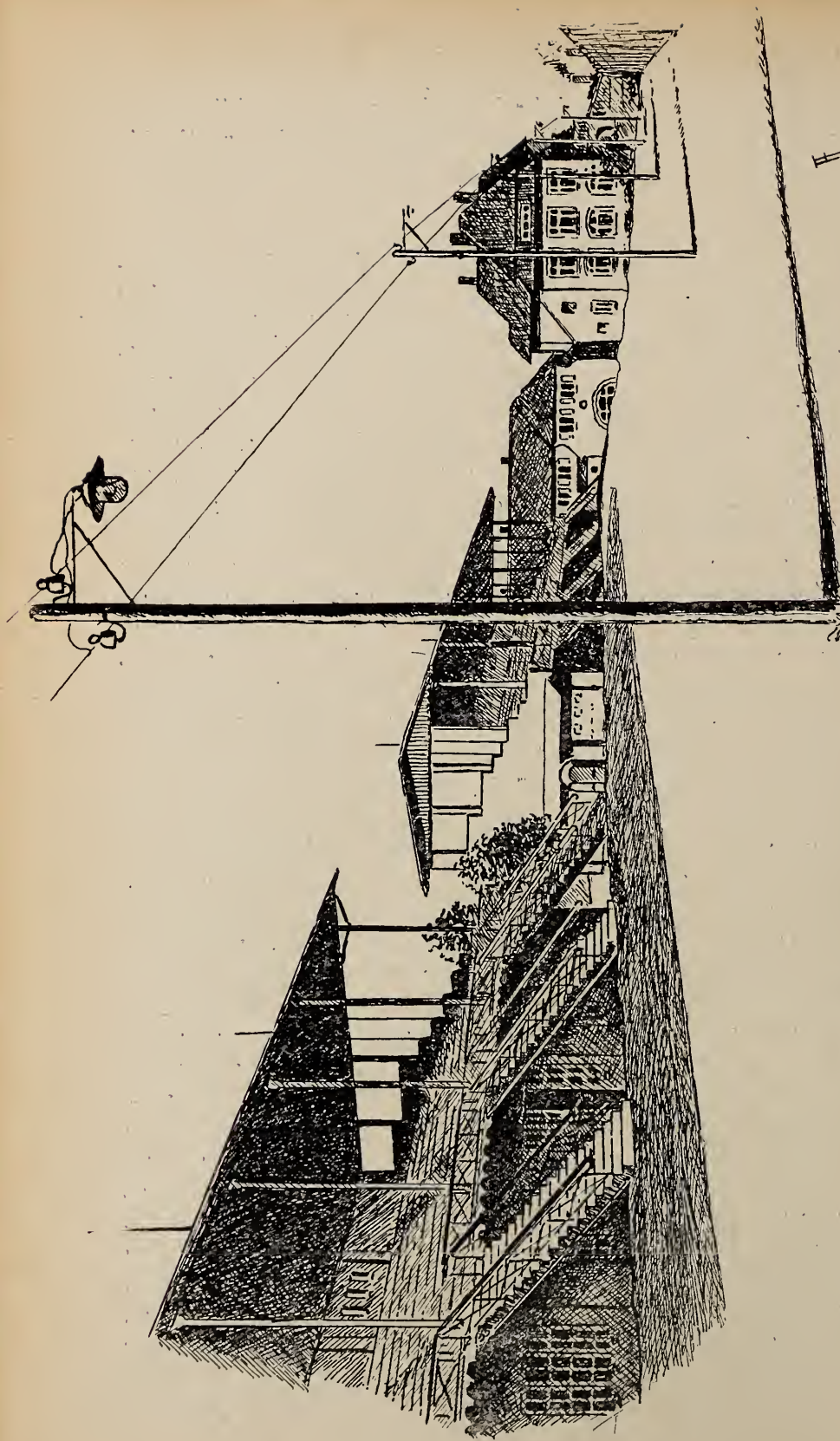
Adolphus Talcum is the wealthy proprietor of the Transcasasian Emery Paper Works. His daughter Frizette nourishes a secret but chaste passion for Edward, a neighbouring window cleaner, and he returns her affection. Edward is really heir to the Emery Paper Works by a former marriage, but neither he nor his father is aware of the fact. Much against her will Frizette is betrothed to Odolski, a cavalry officer; he is not keen on the match either but is deeply in debt to his tobacconist, and is obliged to humour Adolphus. When not engaged in kissing Frizette's hands Odolski is carrying on an intrigue with Viyella, the window cleaner's unsophisticated sister. Interval of joy riding, more hand kissing, and clandestine correspondence, carried on by means of flunkeys. Odolski lures Viyella to his rooms under pretence of showing her his collection of cigarette pictures (no two alike), and gives her a glass of sweet champagne. (*sensation in reserved seats, and curtain*).

## ACT II.

(*Two years Later.*)

Viyella is now a mother, and Edward, in despair, attempts suicide by swallowing his last remaining piece of wash leather. He is saved by Adolphus's wife, who has become a nurse. Hospital scene; calve's foot jelly, and more hand-kissing. In the meantime Hoppit, the trusted cashier of the Emery Paper Works, decamps with the entire contents of the stamp drawer. Adolphus is ruined! Business with blotting pad and telephone. The window cleaner, in order to escape further nursing, leaps from a fourth floor window and falls on the cavalry officer. They are both taken to a hospital where they expire in great agony and with mutual expressions of regret. Adolphus's wife is burnt to death in a night club; and Frizette's infant succumbs to meningitis, induced by excessive pondering over the mystery of his birth. Frizette is killed in a motor car accident, and Adolphus, who has obtained employment as night watchman in a brewery, falls into a vat of boiling liquid. All the characters being thus disposed of this affecting drama of family life comes to an end.

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THE PROMENADE.



## THE SPORTS GROUND, RUHLEBEN.

THrice blessed, though far from verdant playing field  
 How tonic is the influence you wield;  
 For though your piercing breezes make us shiver  
 They have a grateful action on the liver.  
 'Tis here that, garbed in sweater or in shorts,  
 We congregate in sundry games and sports,  
 And feeling anything but gay or skittish  
 We play our wonted games, in manner British.  
 Upon this waste, where once grew lushy grass,  
 Appears a motley throng of every class.  
 For callow youth and patriarchal sage  
 Are both alas! of military age...  
 The Golfer, clad in variegated breeches,  
 To overcome the dreaded bogie itches;  
 While Cricketers of heterogeneous types  
 Essay with fierce, but ill-directed swipes,  
 The century to top. Too often luck,  
 That ribald jade, allots to them a duck!  
 The Tennis player, brilliantly attired,  
 By loungers at the railings is admired;  
 He nimbly strives to win the hard-fought set,  
 But finds, alas! a hindrance in the net.  
 But what of that? the object here desired  
 Is health, a boon which cannot be acquired  
 Until the breathless patient has perspired...  
 Not all are players on this pastoral stage,  
 Lo, here, a Student turns the well-conned page,  
 And threads his way through moods and tenses mystic  
 That guard the avenue to fame linguistic.  
 A Mummer, too, here labours at his part,  
 The wretch is doomed to learn it off by heart!  
 All these, and many more may yet be found  
 Within the narrow confines of this ground,  
 Whereon, (a Poet locally renowned)  
 Has said they all go round and round and round...  
 Here sun and air to all are freigegeben, —  
 Thank God for that, ye captives in Ruhleben!

G. W.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

5095 Coy. Sergt. Major E. W. Morrell.  
 Kriegsgefangenen-Lazarett  
 Alexandrinen-Str. Berlin.

22 July, 1916.

Dear Mr. Hopf and all other British friends,

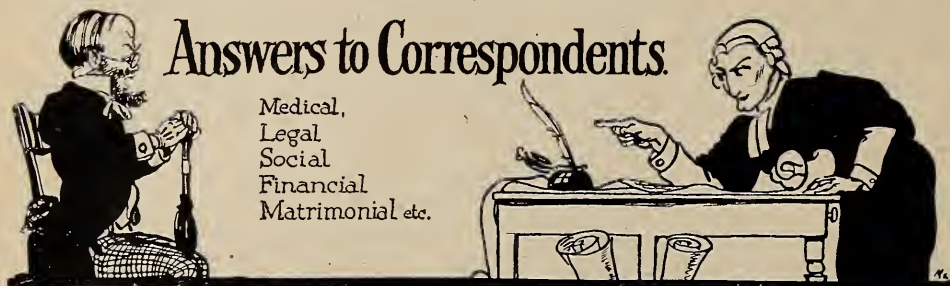
Just a line of thanks for your very splendid case of food stuffs, comforts, &c; it arrived safely and was issued yesterday by four of us (two civil and two military) and am very pleased to tell you the job was a pleasure and went off without a hitch to, I think, the entire satisfaction and pleasure of all who received the great benefit. We were able to supply the wants of individuals, and attention was given to particular

requirements of certain men, not too strong for ordinary things. There was a jolly nice parcel of extras in the shape of cigs. tobacco &c., for everyone. All the boys think it extremely good of you to think of us in such a substantial way, and I am sure join me in sending heartiest thanks for such a splendid present and those here who knew you, Tootle, Reynolds, Horne, Williamson, Milne and others send many thanks to you.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

E. W. MORRELL.



*Hospitable.*— Dissolve an acid drop in a bucket of water; strain and serve cold. This makes a refreshing and economical Cup.

*Worried.*— To remove stain from knife handle, leave knife in alleyway for twenty-four hours. By that time all traces of stain will have disappeared.

*Cold feet.*— Walk on your hands.

*Indignant* (Barrack 3) writes that he has been omitted from the second team, having caught a severe cold. We should have thought that the ability to catch anything would qualify you for the first team.

*Music lover.*— Not only is it difficult to learn the concertina, but, in Ruhleben, it is even dangerous.

*Cook-house patron* complains of severe pains in back. These are probably due to revelled kidneys.

*Professor* is annoyed by one of his pupils who is in the habit of correcting his (the Professor's) mistakes. The best thing Professor can do is to turn the offender out of the class before the mischief spreads to the others.

*Punter* wants to know if we can tell him which is the luckiest number. We cannot advise our gambling friend, but number eleven is certainly the unluckiest.

*Curious.* — To ascertain date of release. — Take any pessimistic date and add ten times the most optimistic estimate; divide result by two (neglecting fractions). Now multiply by log. 17 and square the result. This should give approximately the date required.

*Too old at forty.*— Nonsense! why, you are not even old enough until you are forty-five.

*Urgent.*— Wait for our next number.

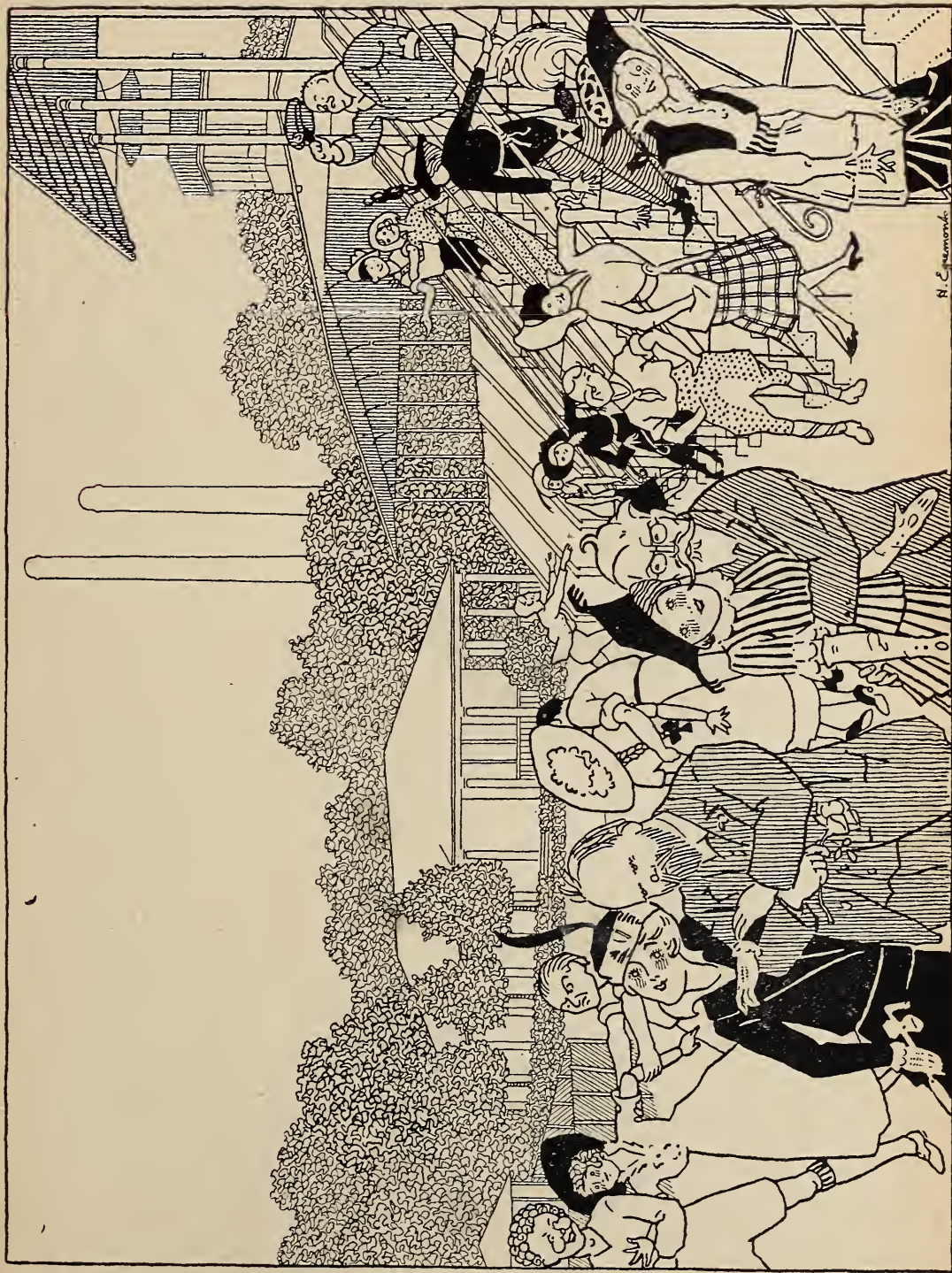
*Dilemma and Desperate.*— See reply to *Urgent*.



THE  
DOLL'S  
HOUSE.

31

(NOT by Ibsen.)







FRANK WADE.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF H. M. S. LION.



## OUR THEATRICAL NOTES.

On the last week of April of this year Ruhleben celebrated the 300th. recurrence of the day of Shakespeare's death. This festival, which was heralded by an artistic and promising programme-sheet and many fine posters, was one of Ruhleben's happiest and most successful efforts and will live as one of its most welcome memories. A joyous and clear note was struck which vibrated for days throughout the Camp, liberating a healthy, spontaneous laughter, strengthening our grip on our confidence in the land of which we are an outpost, and reminding us of that clear and singing spirit which, occasionally submerged, has lived throughout the ages as the vitalising essence of English thought and action, the peculiar mark of England's individuality among the nations of the world.

This note was struck most definitely and consciously at the outset of the festival in the performances of Twelfth Night, produced under the direction of Mr. Duncan Jones. Mr. Henry's scenic and costume designs projected atmospheres which were pure and transparent, being immediately felt without any troubling adjustment of the mind. The players' delivery was in almost every case excellent, and all the action very clearly brought out. Not a few of the players surpassed here anything they had hitherto done, the production as a whole opening one's eyes to the latent capacities of an amateur crowd. The haunting incidental music and beautiful songs written for the occasion by Mr. Bainton added much to the fine emotional quality which marked this production.

It is more difficult to arrive at a just appreciation of the performances of Othello which, with Twelfth Night, represented the dramatic section of the festival and brought the celebrations to a conclusion. Mr. Hopkirk's rendering of Othello was a powerful and carefully thought-out study, which realised both as regards method and professional finish the expectations of those who had seen this accomplished actor in L'Enfant Prodigue. The production as a whole did not support his acting either in quality or point of view. Just as the rich costumes, too heavy, seemed laid on the lighter Ruhleben scenery which they pushed back into a dim, painted flimsiness, so Mr. Hopkirk's intenser dramatisation overwhelmed the action, reducing the cast to a crowd of puppet-like shadows. Mr. Merritt's Iago was too toned-down; Iago is the fundamental pivot about whom this play moves and has its being. This disharmony was perhaps unavoidable, and did not exhaust the production of its very large interest; hearty thanks are due to producer and players for having attacked so redoubtable a subject with so large a measure of success.

After "Othello" the standard of plays produced experienced

a sudden drop. Of the three very weak one-act plays "Mlle. Plato" was interesting as illustrating the impossibility of transferring the atmosphere of the light French farce into the English language. "Flachsmann als Erzieher" gave us some clever business and finished character work, particularly that of Messrs. Volke, Turnbull and Short. The latter's version was of course quite wrong, though very funny, but this did not matter much, the satirical possibilities of the play having already been ruined by the author's romantic treatment of the hero and his melodramatisation of the schoolmaster.

Some very bad stuff followed — "Driven", one of that quaint brood of problem plays, so called because in them a fictitious problem is factitiously solved, which were the first result of the realistic Archer-Shaw-Ibsen wine in the old bottles of popular English drama. "Mary goes first" in which the characters without exception had minds like hens, only nastier, "Betsy", "The Brixton Burglary" etc. "Liberty Hall" was at least honest romance, its men and women possible; Mr. Neill's Todman was a very amusing old fellow; but these innocent people with their sentimental philosophy are too far distant for the most warm-hearted and ingenuous of us to sympathise with their troubles today.

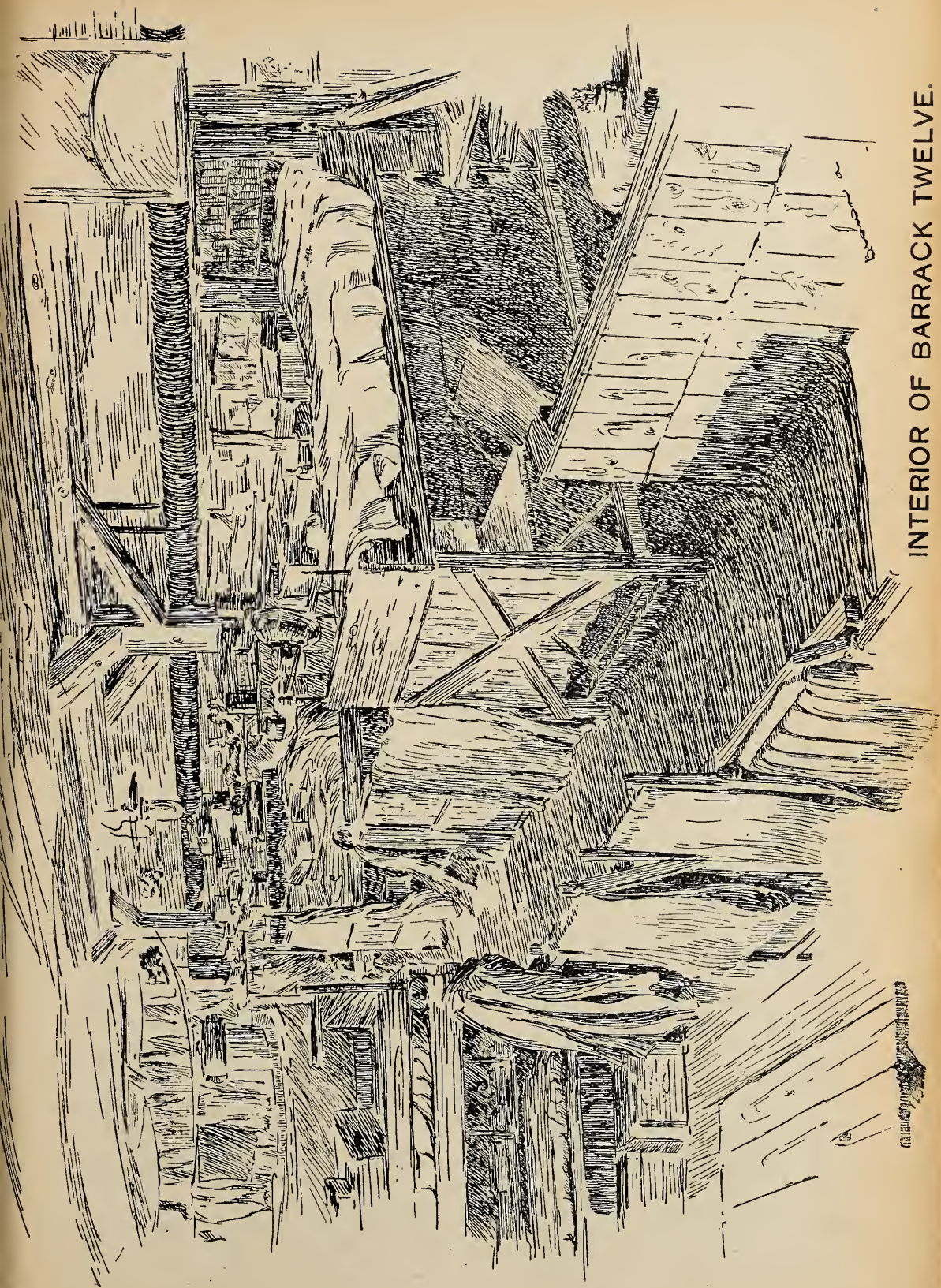
An interesting parenthesis was the performance of the "Knight of the Burning Pestle" — written, it was generously stated in a certain loft, by two men in the Camp. There is enough immortal humour both of word and situation in this Elizabethan revue to keep a music-hall loving English crowd rocking on its seats for a couple of hours. If everyone had shewn the same careless, high spirited fun as Mr. Wilson when he did the sergeant we should certainly have laughed too; but a certain pedantic restraint left the caricatures too weak, the action too genteel. The spectator was made too conscious of the age of the piece, not convinced enough of the modernity of the spirit.

The season closed well. We are happy to have this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Welland and his cast on their successful production of "Milestones". They handled a tall proposition with great energy and skill. The scenic possibilities of the play were realised to the full, the cast well chosen and very thoroughly trained, the movement controlled with a precision that gave the action a very clear outline. The players without exception did extremely well, acting with unusual confidence and charm.

The U. S. A. continues to include representative dramatic items in its Monday night lectures, and a number of short plays in German, Italian, Spanish and French have either been given lately or are in course of preparation by the various linguistic societies in the Camp.

H. M.





INTERIOR OF BARRACK TWELVE.





THE CAPTAINS OF THE BARRACK ELEVENTH.





# CRICKET

UP to the time of writing (end of July) the powers responsible for the weather conditions have not been lavish in their favours. The real hot sunshiny days necessary to make cricket really enjoyable have been conspicuous by their almost entire absence. Cold and damp weather, or when not that, sand storms, indescribably unpleasant have been more the rule than the exception. It would be well if those who are ever ready to criticise the form of the players would take these little matters into consideration.

It is always an interesting theme to watch the improvement or deterioration of teams, and individual players — at home. In our present circumstances such comparisons are not only not interesting, but are apt to become unfair. There are so many reasons why we shouldn't criticise the cricket as cricket, but rather that we should take the game as a pleasant time-killer. I am not suggesting for one moment that any old sort of slip shod game will do and that all science ought to be eliminated in one mad desire to pass away the dreary hours. Certainly not. By all means make the very best of the conditions. But when this is done the cricket becomes, in my opinion, only an imitation of the real thing, i. e. a grass wicket, a good outfield, played by strong healthy men in their normal temperament. Because we are here, no one is entitled to blame these men whose form of last summer has apparently deteriorated, nor can one praise too highly those players who have overcome the manifold difficulties and retained their form, or, as in some instances, even improved. In no branch of camp cricket, is the loss of form so pronounced and so excusable as among the fast bowlers. The reasons are obvious. Among the medium-paced bowlers the form has improved, as witness the performances of Mason (Bar.2), Stewart (Bar.5), Nichol (Bar.3), and others. The batting and fielding have on the whole shewn an improvement. If there has been a lessening in the interest of spectators this is due entirely to the adverse climatic conditions. In a great degree also Camp cricket has suffered through the enforced absence from the game of some of the best all round players among us.

With only eleven teams in the first league, and five months to play in, the R. C. A. are enabled to place the ground at the disposal of the Camp for "Ragtime Matches" (non-league games) very often. These contests provide immense enjoyment and amusement for many men who are unable to secure their places in the Barrack league teams.

The following are some of the most interesting incidents and scores which have occurred in the present cricket season. Barrack 5 were expected to do well and many thought they would rival the powerful 10 team. In consequence particular interest was centred in the meeting of these two sides. However, Masterman's XI soon disposed of their opponents' hopes by dismissing them for the meagre total of 60, and then scoring 154. For sheer excitement the match between 9 and 4 eclipsed everything. Each side scored

120 in their first innings. In the second knock 4 got 130 and left 9 an hour and a quarter to bat. In the very last over 15 runs were still required for victory. Sam Wolstenholme rose to the occasion and scored 24 off the last six balls. Barrack 7 hold the honour of being the only team to check 10. In their match 10 got 230 and 7 batted out time with their score at 152 for 5. Fachiri and Dixon were mainly responsible for this fine performance. If 9 were all also the heroes of the most exciting game they were also the victims of another affair. That was when 5 dismissed them for a total of 18. Stewart took 5 for 9 and Bardsley 5 for 7. Again 9 were partners in a fine finish, this time with 10. There had been no play in the morning and so things had to be done quickly. Bar. 10 batted first and declared, with 198 for 5. Bar. 9's last wicket fell from the third ball of the last over of the day with a total of 146.

In the 2nd. League, Boyd (2) made the great score of 160 not out against 3. Bar. 7 beat the strong Bar. 10 team very easily. After a late start 7 got 140 for 4 and had less than an hour and a half to get out. No one expected them to do this, but they did, and easily too, for 10 only got 63.

No match has created the same amount of interest in Ruhleben as that between Masterman's XI v. "The Next" XVI. Spice was added to this contest of the best 27 cricketers in the Camp, by the arranging of a "Sweepstake", by Mc. Pherson of 9, in which practically every man in the Lager took a sporting chance in this original idea. Each ticket held a combination of three players and the ticket bearing the names of the three highest scorers was the winner of the prize. This fell to the fortunate holder of the Masterman 91, Steadman 60, (not out) and Mounsey 26. In this match Dutton, for "The Rest" bowled brilliantly and took 4 for 25.

A cricket season anywhere would be incomplete without a Lancashire v. Yorkshire match. The battle of the Roses took place here on July 23rd. The White Rose won by 178 to 125. For the winning side Harrison 47 and Anderson 48 batted well. Bloomer took 5 wickets for 39. Hartley was the highest scorer for Lancashire with 26, and Wolstenholme took five wickets for 20. The batting averages of the top ten men up to the end of July are:—

### **FIRST DIVISION AVERAGES.**

*BATTING (minimum 5 Inns.)*

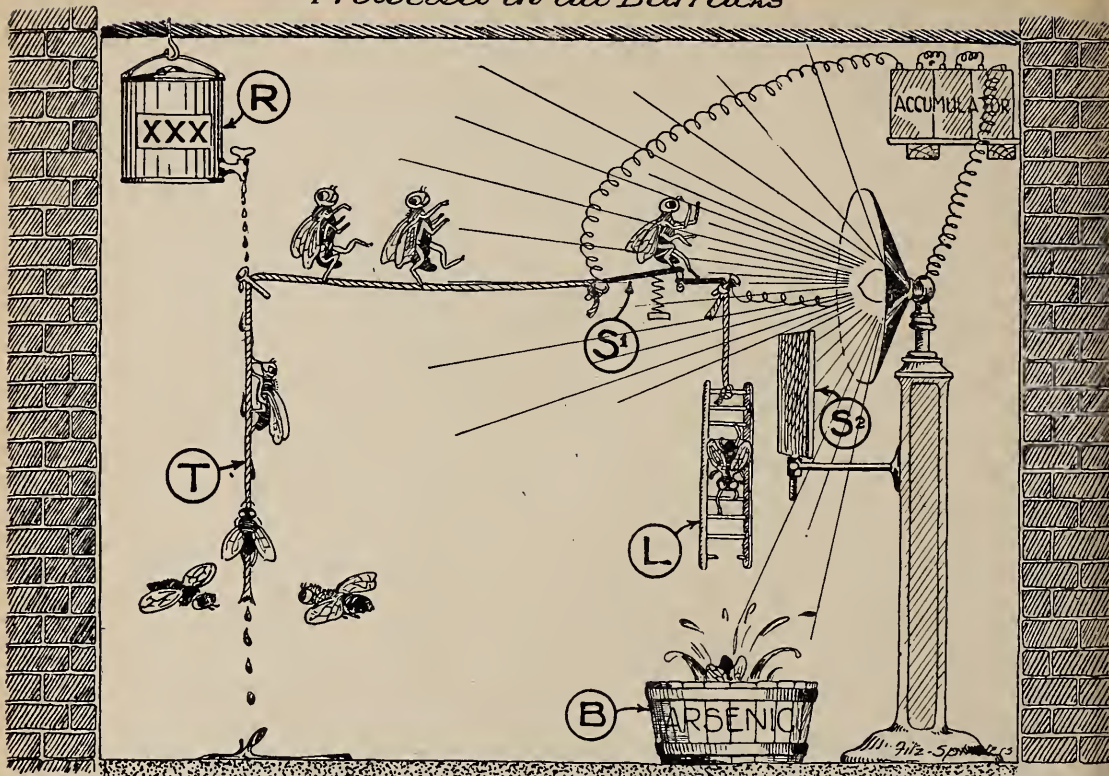
Name.	Inns.	Runs.	Times not out	Average.
1. Ponsonby A.G.	8	443	—	55.37
2. Coller W.L.	9	328	3	54.66
3. Roupell C.F.	9	362	2	51.72
4. Steadman R.B.	9	354	2	50.57
5. Harrison R.	9	402	1	50.25
6. Hartmann H.	7	301	1	50.16
7. Crosland G.L.	9	388	0	43.11
8. Johnson F.V.	8	300	1	42.85
9. Dixon A.N.	5	155	1	38.75
10. Moresby-White J.	5	189	0	37.80



'THE LAW'.



## RUHLBEN PATENT OFFICE

*Protected in all Barracks***THE "INFALLIBLE" FLY EXTERMINATOR**

(T) Twine soaked in beer which drips from reservoir containing same (R). The insect ascends twine consuming, as it does so, large quantity of intoxicant. Having reached horizontal section of twine, the fly, (now hopelessly inebriated) proceeds unsteadily on its fatal career. On reaching switch (S<sub>1</sub>) it causes electric current to illuminate 10,000 c.p. lamp. Dazzled by the blinding flash the insect's eyes water profusely and the fly staggers forward. The ladder (L) appearing to afford a welcome means of escape, the victim descends same, but his path is plunged in shadow by screen (S<sub>2</sub>) accurately adjusted for that purpose. On reaching the last step the horrified insect discovers—too late—that it is not there, & is thrown headlong into bucket of arsenic (B), thus bringing action of device to successful termination.



# "LA VIE FRANÇAISE."

Mon cher confrère,

Je viens vous prier de bien vouloir m'accorder quelques lignes dans vos colonnes et de me servir d'intermédiaire auprès des collaborateurs, abonnés et lecteurs de la «Vie Française».

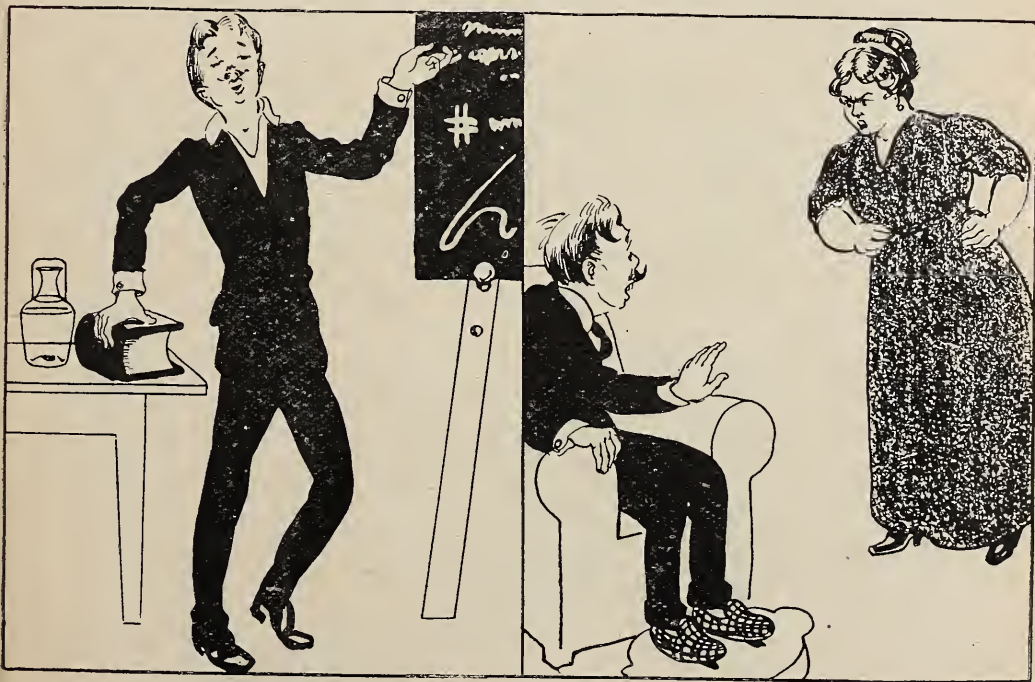
Dans mon No. 3 j'avais annoncé que j'accepterais de nouveaux abonnements, au prix déjà en augmentation sur le premier trimestre, de M. 1,35; ceci basé sur de récents prix d'impression. Entretemps ces prix ont été considérablement augmentés et prévoyant que ceci puisse se reproduire sous peu par suite de la rareté des matières premières, je préfère suspendre momentanément la publication de mon No. 4. En effet l'abonnement trimestriel coûterait aujourd'hui M. 2,— et c'est un trop lourd sacrifice à demander à mes coprisonniers.

Je remercie les différents collaborateurs qui m'ont déjà envoyé de la copie, ainsi que les souscripteurs venus pour se ré-abonner, et surtout je voudrais remercier ici publiquement Monsieur P. Elies, mon dévoué collaborateur qui m'a si bien aidé «dans la coulisse». Personnellement je regrette vivement que ce cas de «force majeure» m'empêche de continuer la publication de la Vie Française et en vous remerciant de votre hospitalité je vous prie d'agréer, mon cher confrère, l'expression de mes sentiments les plus distingués.

RUHLEBEN, le 28 Juillet, 1916.

H. ALFRED BELL.

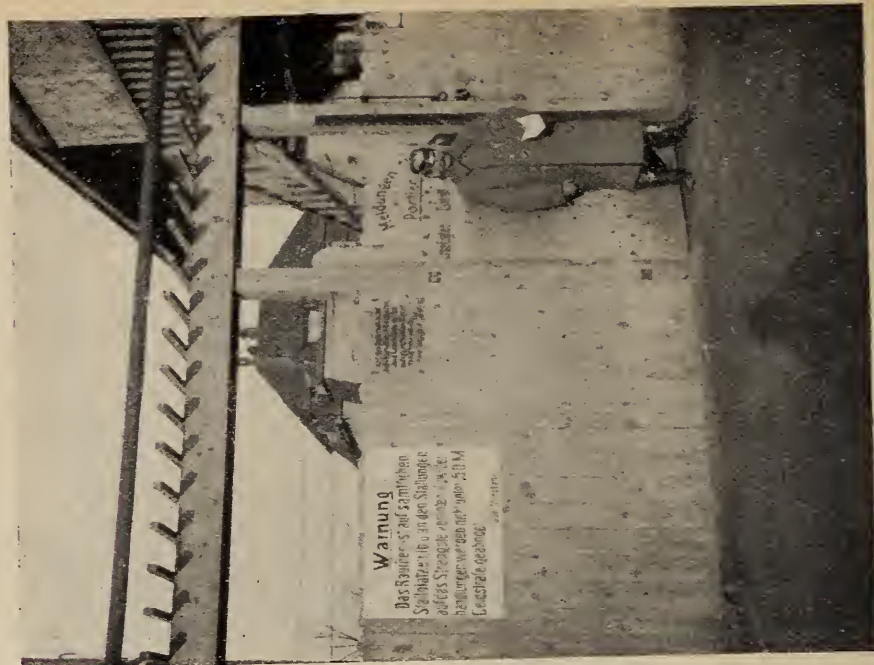
## RUHLEBEN, LECTURERS



ABROAD —

AND AT HOME.

## ENTRANCE TO LAGER.





## A RUHLEBEN EXCHANGE (OF PHOTOS)



HIS TO HER

HERS TO HIM

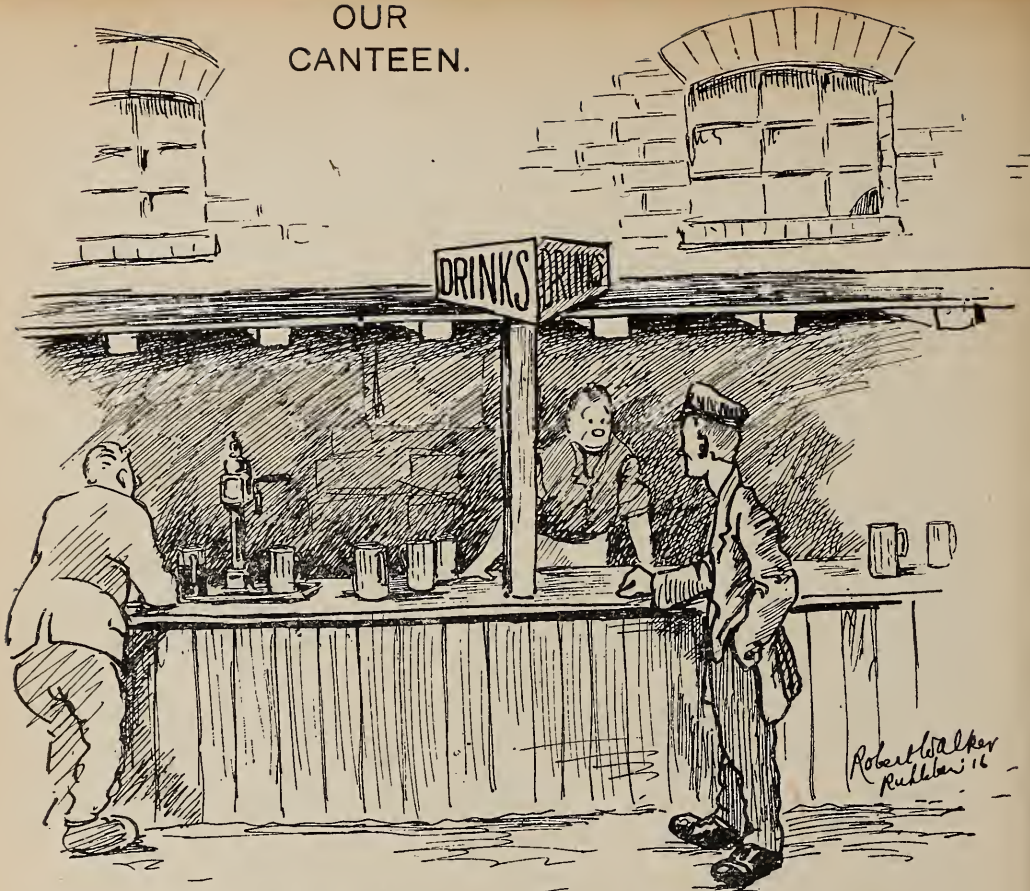
*Tennis Notes.*

THE Lawn Tennis season is more than half over, and no one has complained of having become stale from too much play, not even those who have frequented the courts the most, for the weather has been far from what could have been desired from a tennis player's point of view; besides which the courts have had to be closed on many occasions on account of being too wet for play, or for repairs after heavy storms. But in spite of the very bad weather we have experienced so far, the courts have on the whole worn better than last season, and quite as well as could be expected.

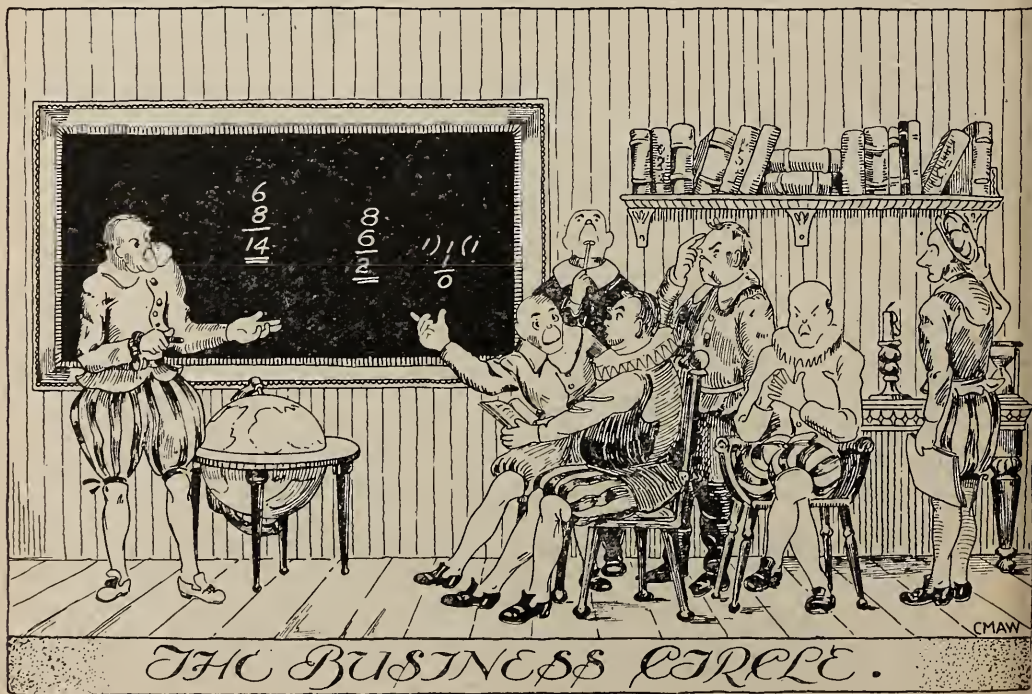
It is an unsolved mystery how, in spite of the Committee's strict control on the booking of courts, some members seem to be able to play almost every day, and frequently have been known to play for three or four hours a day. We do not wish to imply that we grudge them as much play as they can get; on the contrary, every member of the Association has equal rights, and



# OUR CANTEEN.



VERY New Arrival:-- "One Gefangenen Lager, please!"



THE BUSINESS CAREER.



if, as it would seem, there are several philanthropic members who have paid their subscriptions, but very seldom make use of their privileges, and are willing to allow friends to use their names, so much the better for those friends.

Among the new members no exceptional talent has made itself manifest, although J. L. Spong and J. Cameron are much above any of the others and both play a good useful game. George Logie, when he chooses to exert himself, is still points better than any other player here; we do not consider however that he has so far played up to his last season's form. This is doubtless accounted for by the fact that he cannot get sufficient practice with players of his own class, firstly on account of his studies, and secondly because there are only three players in the camp who are able to extend him to any extent. O'Hara Murray, J. C. Masterman and J. B. Gilbert are the three players, and it is doubtful which of them when on the top of his form is the best. Of the younger and rising players E. C. Macintosh and Ch. Roupell have considerably improved this season; there is little or nothing to choose between them now, but we prefer if anything Macintosh's style. Roupell is very apt to play slack games, his service is also very weak, and his frequent double faulting is inexcusable. H. H. Swift is another of the younger men, who should become a first class player; he has splendid physique, hits very hard, and serves well, (when not foot faults), but must play steadier and more with his head. It is extraordinary how many of the players invariably serve foot faults; many do it knowingly, yet make no effort in their practice games to correct themselves of such a fault, which in tournament play will be sure to bring them into trouble. G. Logie is not free from this mistake, he frequently swings his foot over the service line, but by far the worst offenders are O'Hara Murray and H. H. Swift, both of whom jump inches off the ground at the moment of hitting the ball.

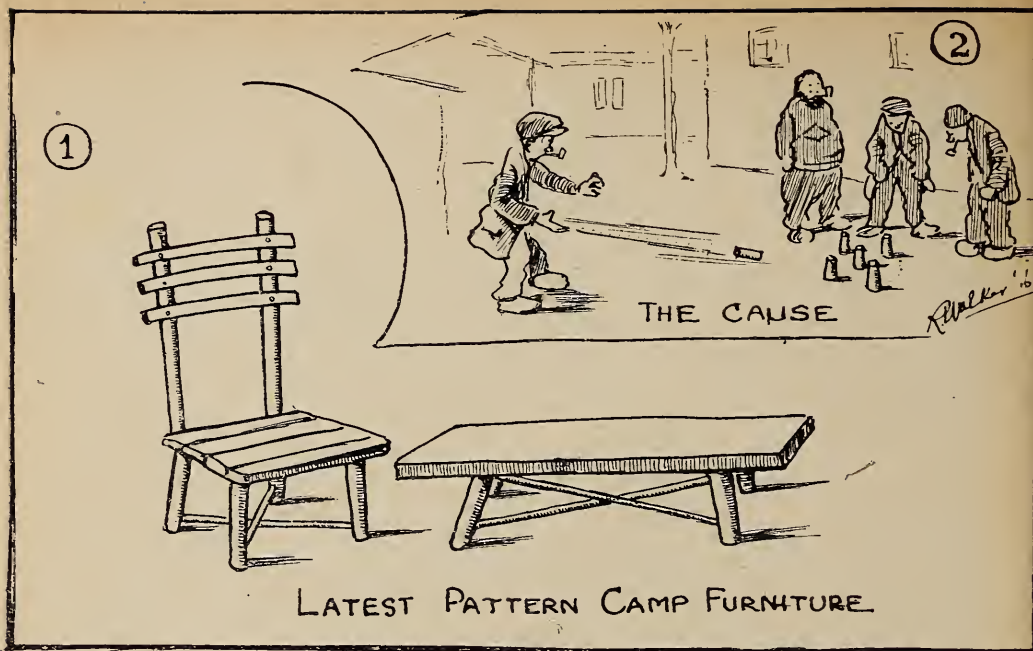
The Committee intend to hold two tournaments this year, (presuming that the balls arrive from England in good time), the first, commencing about 10th. August, to consist of Open Singles and Open Doubles, (Championships) with Consolation Singles, and Doubles (Open) for all players who have been knocked out in the first rounds of the Championship events. This should make it a very popular tournament and a large entry is anticipated.

The Singles Championship is certain, bar accidents, to be won as last year, without the loss of a set, by George Logie, and the other finalist will be one of the above mentioned three players O'Hara Murray, Masterman or Gilbert. In the Doubles these four players will doubtless pair off together, and we venture to predict that whichever pair Logie is in will win the Doubles Championship, although it should make an excellent game. Other good pairs, we understand, will be R. Harrison and McDornan, Kindersley and Todd, Maxwell and Spong, Ripley and Macintosh, Swift and Maas.

The second tournament is intended to be held in the first week in September for Handicap Events, Singles and Doubles, and will be played in two or, if necessary, in three classes. It is hoped that every member will enter, and make an interesting ending to the second, and, we hope, last season at Ruhleben.

E. D. RIPLEY.

G. A. PACKE.





# PEASE

THE OLD ENGLISH  
MORRIS PRANCER.

(NO CONNECTION  
WITH THE MAURICE BROS.)

**BOILING WATER  
SUPPLIED.**

ENORMOUS VARIETY OF TEMPERATURES!

**BOND STREET  
STORES.**

EVERYTHING YOU WANT  
IN  
OUR "OUT" DEPARTMENT!!

ANYTHING YOU DON'T SEE,  
WRITE HOME FOR!

**TO CAMP  
HORTICULTURISTS!**

TRY OUR LIGHTNING  
RUMOUR SPREADER

The Lager covered by  
luxuriant growth in one  
Night!!!

# ARTIFICIAL TEETH



RUTTERMOORE'S RUSTPROOF  
RATTLERS FOR RAVENOUS  
RUHLBENITES.

**64 PAGE BOOK** about Herbs  
and how to use them. FREE.  
SEND FOR ONE - Dr. Fetchbier,  
The Herbalist      Establ: 1914

BE HANDSOME  
AND SUNBURNT!

# SWANKO

DEFIES DETECTION  
AND  
SAVES UNBUTTONING  
THE SHIRT!!!

**PATERNITY PANTS.**

APPLY, IN CONFIDENCE,  
BILL BAILEY, c/o C.M.S.

CRAISY **VACUUM** CLEANER

"TRY IT ON YOUR HEAD!"

# OXBOSPHERINE



FOR LETHARGIC, LISTLESS, LANGUID, LAGERITES





